

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : MISSOURI.

CIDERTIME IN GUNGAWAMP.

It's cidertime in Gungawamp. The orchard leaves are falling. Across the brown and barren field A lone "Bob-white" is calling. Huge piles of apples, many-hued, Around the trees are lying. And many boys, with eager eyes, Along the walls are "sipping."

Beneath the weather-beaten roof The cogs are slowly turning: The old horse, with his measured tread, His "board and keep" is earning. Down from the brown and hard-pressed cheese The apple juice is dripping: Aid from the tub, bedecked with foam, A farmer lad is sipping.

The dinner horn sounds forth its note, The farm-hands homeward turning; The farmer follows in their wake, No hidden foe discerning. A dozen boys leap over the wall With empty stomachs gnawing: A dozen straws held in the tub, A dozen youngsters drawing!

It's cidertime in Gungawamp— To-day I feel a yearning: I'd like to be there at the mill And watch the cogs go turning. I'd like to take a long dry straw, And by the tub go kneeling, And draw until I'd satisfied This autumn's elder feeling. —Joe Cone, in N. Y. Sun.

The Donkey and the Gringo.

An Adventure in Chihuahua.

By BOURDON WILSON.

WHEN I was elected assistant treasurer of the Rio Verde Mining company, I received instruction to proceed at once to the mine, which was situated in the south-western corner of Chihuahua, and take charge of the ore as fast as it came from the shaft. For months, the output had been steadily shrinking in value, and the stock consequently had gone down, down, down, until it was hardly worth the ink and paper; there was trickery going on, the directors had at last concluded, but just what they did not know, and that was why they sent me to find out.

I made the trip to Chihuahua city without a break, but there my troubles began. I was delayed a week, waiting for the rattler of a diligencia that took me to Santa Cruz, whence I expected to go mule-back the rest of my journey. But that was merely a trifle, as compared with what awaited me upon my arrival at Santa Cruz; there was not a mule or horse to be had in the place. Also I found La Villa Rica de la Santa Cruz, to give its official misnomer, to consist of half a dozen adobe hovels, which were inhabited by a dozen men and women of the peon class, several dozen half-baked children, and perhaps 20 dozen mule-dung, fleas, flies, filth, and evil odors made up the rest. Stay there and wait for mules I would not, it was too squalid for the fastidious taste of a gringo, and I determined to push on, even if I should have to walk.

Inquiry, however, finally elicited the information that there was a burro in the place, the property of one Francisco Flores. I hunted up Francisco. "Will you sell the animal?" I asked. He answered with a surly refusal. I rejoined with an offer of \$20, which he promptly declined. Then I raised my bid, once, twice, but he remained unmoved and surly as at first. I was nettled. "Why do you value the burro so highly?" I exclaimed, with sarcasm. "It is a family heirloom," I was answered by Francisco's wife, who had been a silent listener. "The burro was the family pet," she said; it had been reared in the house along with their only child, and the two were inseparable; moreover, Pan-chita, the little girl, now lay in bed with a broken leg, which would cripple her for life, and so she would need the burro to carry her about.

"Crippled for life!" I exclaimed. "Has the bone been set?"

No, there was no doctor, and so it would have to heal as best it would.

I have a little knowledge of simple surgery, and thinking that I might be able to help the child, I at once asserted that I was a doctor and would be glad to do what I could for her, with the result that Francisco's manner immediately altered. He begged a thousand pardons for his insolence to "el buen medico," and led the way into the house, where I found the Panchita on a bundle of rags in the corner, moaning with the pain of a fracture that only needed setting, and a little time, to remedy. I always carry a small chest of simple medicines in my outfit, and getting the little one under the influence of chloroform, I soon had the bone properly set and the leg splinted; then I gave the mother some powders to keep down fever, and started out. But Francisco stopped me.

"This is your house, señor," he said earnestly. "All that I possess is thine, and my wife and I are your attentive servants."

I knew that this time-worn expression of the Mexicans might mean much or little, and so asked: "And will you now sell me the burro?" "It is already thine, señor," he responded, quickly, "the gift of Panchita."

I went back to the child and laid a heap of silver at her side. "For her wedding day," I said to the smiling mother. "Besides, I will send the burro back."

Then I was introduced to El Sabio, and I burst out laughing; he was so small that I might have taken him to be a jack-rabbit, but I met him in the chapparal. It seemed ridiculous to think of such a creature carrying me across the mountains; I thought myself better able to carry him, and in good humored derision suggested to Francisco that I do this. He took me seriously.

"Pues no, señor!" he exclaimed, puzzled. "That is not the custom of the country." I laughed, and he instantly comprehended the humor of my remark. "Ah, the caballero laughs at his size," he said, smiling. "But look, he is strong, very strong, and

the caballero will be no more than a feather to him. He is a wise, brave little beast, and very sure of foot. He will carry you well."

I doubted it, but upon getting on him, found that he really could bear my weight with ease; nevertheless, it being more tiresome to keep my legs furled under him so they would not drag the ground, than to walk, I concluded to pack my outfit on his back, and myself go afoot, driving him. I was starting to lead him away, when Francisco put his hand on my arm.

"Un momentito, señor," he said, and gently drew me back into the house. "You are armed, I see," he now went on, lowering his voice to a whisper, and pointing to my revolver. "Make sure that your pistols are in good order, and do not sleep too soundly on the way."

"Indeed!" I said in surprise. "And why?"

"Because—"

He hesitated, glancing anxiously at his wife. "Do not betray me, señor," my life would be the forfeit—because your coming is expected at the mine."

I stared at him incredulously; that could not be possible, I thought. But how else could Francisco know that my mission was supposed to be kept a secret until my arrival? And then like a flash it came to me that one of the directors must be working in collusion with the mine's superintendent to rob the company, and depreciate its stock, and so had telegraphed notice of my coming.

My thoughts were interrupted by Francisco whispering: "Go now, or you will bring evil upon me and mine: I have told you enough. Va con Dios." He pushed me out and closed the door. That an effort would be made to murder me on the way to the mine, I did not doubt, but that was a game at which two could play, and I was quite handy with a gun.

I got started about noon, and was 15 miles on my way when the sun set and I stopped to camp. Unpacking El Sabio, I hobbled him, and turned him loose to graze; then I cooked and ate my own supper, by which time it had grown dark. Five years' prospecting in the Apache country had taught me to be foxy when in the enemy's territory, and so I now caught El Sabio and packed him again, and moved on two or three miles to some rocky hills, where I turned out from the trail a hundred yards or so, and went to bed. I was asleep by the time I touched the blankets; the next thing I knew, I was wakened by something pushing my head about, and with one hand instinctively reaching for a gun, my eyes flew open to find daylight coming, and El Sabio standing at my side, shoving at my head with his nose. Getting lonesome, he had waked me for company. Throwing back my blankets, and getting up, I caught sight of something moving on the crest of a hill a short distance away, but it was gone on the instant, and in the dim light I could not decide surely that it was a man. Nevertheless, I would take no chances, and re-packing El Sabio, I got back to the trail and started again.

Getting into the mountains that morning, I found I had gone. And I found also that Francisco had not exaggerated El Sabio's good qualities; wise and brave, and sure of foot, unquestionably he was. With never a misstep, he led the way along the roughest of trails, skirting the brink of frightful canons, where I shivered to follow, and up and down the steep places, without ever tiring. And he proved himself to be very friendly, and sociably inclined, now that we were better acquainted; in fact, he seemed to have no doubt that he was a full member of the family. Whenever I stopped to cook a meal he would hobble around, watching for a chance to put his nose into coffee-pot or frying pan, waiting as patiently as he could for his share, which consisted of a spoonful of salt. For desert he preferred more salt, but my boots, or hat, or any other article of clothing that was salty from perspiration, would satisfy him—he ate away half the brim of my hat, before I discovered that he had such a chronic craving for salty things.

I had seen nothing more that was suspiciously human, but did not let that cause me to relax my watchfulness; and, when night came, I repeated my ruse of getting away from my camping place, and hiding in the rocks. And El Sabio again played the alarm-clock on me, but this time calling me at 3 a. m. I was very sleepy, and started to hit him with a stone, to teach him not to come so early, when it occurred to me that I was about to start while it was still dark. I felt sure that some of the greasers had followed me from Santa Cruz, expecting to sneak up and knife me while I slept; but they might have rifles, and a greaser occasionally hits what he shoots at, even a moving figure. As it was, I saw nothing of them, and the day passed uneventfully. The next night found me at the crest of the range, where the trail ran across a level spot perhaps two miles; on all sides, however, the peaks towered hundreds of feet above, and again waiting until darkness covered my movements, I turned out to the foot of one of these to sleep. The elevation made the air piercingly cold, and so I went to bed with my clothes on.

One sleeps soundly after a day's tramp in the mountains, and, besides that morning, so I was like a dead man ten minutes after I hit the ground. The next minute it seemed to me, though it may have been hours later, I was aroused by a violent shaking; and getting my eyes open, I found myself in the grasp of two men, one at my feet, and the other at my head, the latter holding a knife against my throat. Instantly I reached for my gun, but a slight sting at my throat stopped my hand.

"That's right, don't commit suicide," jeered the man at my head. "I'll cut your throat if you make another break like that." I could not see his face, but his English told me that he was not a Mexican.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

"Nothing but the money you're carrying to the mine," he answered. "You've hid it somewhere, now dig it up."

"You are fooled there," I said. "I brought nothing but a draft, and left that in bank in Chihuahua."

The company had fallen behind with the laborers' pay, and the treasurer had intended sending this money in cash, but changed his mind at the last moment.

"Hats!" snarled the other. "That ain't worth a cent; don't yuh see 't? I'm onto yuh game with both feet? Now dig up, or I'll have to kill yuh."

"But I can't," I protested. "All the money I have is a few dollars of my own; take that if you want it."

"All right," he ejaculated, angrily, "if yuh won't open up now, yuh will after a while, we'll just see what hunger an' thirst 'll do for yuh. Lets tie him up, Jose."

Turning me over on my face, they bound my ankles tight and fast, and then tied my hands at my back, drawing the things so tight that I squirmed with pain. Then they picked me up and carried me about 200 yards to a shallow cave in the side of the mountain, where they threw me down.

"Just holler whenever you get ready to talk," the American said, confidently. "We'll git out, so yuh can think it over quiet like. Come on, Jose." And the Mexican followed him out.

They stopped near the cave's mouth, talking, and presently I was startled at hearing the Mexican address the other as "Señor Smith." Smith was the name of the mine's superintendent. I knew now into whose hands I had fallen, and that I need expect no mercy. In the hope that I would finally tell them where to find the money they thought I had brought, they would keep me without food or water until I became delirious, and then perhaps end my sufferings with a knife-thrust. And even if I had had the money to give them, they would have murdered me the moment they got it in their hands. And I could expect no help, there was not another human being nearer than the mine, 20 miles away. I had been in tight places before, but none of them near so tight as this one, and my heart sank like a chunk of lead.

Presently the soundrels moved away, going back to make another hunt through my things, and I began tugging with all my might to get loose, but I was tied too securely, the leather only cut deeper into my flesh, hurting me terribly. Then a fit of despair seized me and I lay back, quiet and still. It must have been only a few minutes afterward, though it seemed hours, I heard a noise outside, a light blow on the ground it seemed, and a faint clink. I held my breath to listen, and soon it came again, when I recognized it to be the sound made by El Sabio in hobbling about. The faithful little fellow had seen the robbers carrying me away, and had followed fast as he could, trailing me by scent. I was feeling too miserable to give him much thought, but did notice that he kept getting nearer, and at last stopped at the cave. Then he came inside, sniffing, and presently found me. I lay still, face downward, as I had been left, and he began nosing at my head to awake me. I called his name to make him stop, and his nose went wandering down my back, and stopped at my hands. I felt him lick my palms once or twice, and then came a tug at my wrists; then another, and my heart jumped into my throat, beating wildly with hope. He had found the thong and was chewing it.

"Would he chew it in two?" I wondered, fearfully. But he had not had a morsel so deliciously salty since my hat, and there was no danger of him relinquishing it willingly. Crunch, crunch, his sharp teeth went cutting into it, drawing my wrists tighter and tighter, until I could scarcely keep from screaming with the pain; but in a few moments the leather parted, when a pull and a shake set my hands free. Then I sat up and rubbed my wrists to restore circulation. Smith, in his search, had overlooked a small pen-knife in my vest pocket, and so I had no trouble getting my feet loose, but found that I could scarcely walk. I could ride El Sabio, however, and putting his hobble, I took him by the end and led him outside, where I was in the act of getting on his back, when the glint of starlight on steel attracted my attention to the ground near the cave's entrance. It was my belt and revolver; Smith was so sure of me that he had dropped them there.

Before, my whole thought had been to get away as quickly as possible, but now other things came into my mind, and I stopped. I was in a savage, revengeful humor; and, realizing that not only my employer's property, but my life as well, was at stake, I promptly decided to take advantage of the opportunity so unexpectedly of the opportunity to take advantage of the opportunity. Giving El Sabio a prod to make him go away, I crept back into the cave and sat down, cocking my revolver. I waited perhaps half an hour, when I heard footsteps and voices approaching, and a moment later Smith and the Mexican came in. They were outlined plainly against the starry sky, and were not more than three feet away when I fired. Then I went back outside, and, loading El Sabio, started for the mine, where I arrived the following afternoon. I found plenty of rich ore in sight, but Smith and his confederates had been pocketing the proceeds from that, and crediting the company with only low-grade stuff that was not worth the working. El Sabio must think it a salt mine from the quantity of salt he gets to eat nowadays; and Francisco, now foreman of one of the shifts, never tires of telling how he saved my life by sending the wise little animal to bear me company on the road to the mine.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Paternal Affection.

A capital story is told by a popular bishop well-known at the East End for his work among the poor there. A coterminous was in great trouble. He had just lost his little son and the good bishop was seeking to console him as well as he was able, when the coterminous suddenly looked up and in a broken voice, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "Dye think I could get the young beggar stuffed?"—King.

THE RIVAL JURISTS.

Business Was Not Brisk and There Was a Scramble Between Them for Cases.

Pink Peyton and Rube Tuber were rival jurists, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Both resided in a backwoods settlement where the air was healthful and fragrant with the aromatic odor of the pine; but in a section, it is said to state, where seminaries were unknown and a college of legal lore could have no existence. The two rustic disciples of Blackstone, however, had some knowledge of law, which they had obtained by perusing in their leisure moments a volume left in the settlement by an itinerant preacher, entitled: "Every Man His Own Lawyer."

Peyton occupied the dignified position of justice of the peace of the Fourth ward, while Tuber sat upon the judicial bench made of a loblolly pine board, and dispensed justice to the unfortunate and simple-minded lawbreakers within his jurisdiction, in the Fifth ward. Litigants were scarce in the settlement and when a court case did bob up there was a scramble for it, each judge claiming the misdemeanor was committed in his ward, and each anxious to replenish his empty exchequer with the shekels taken in by the citations and other legal documents issued. There was a superabundance of long leaf pine trees growing in the vicinity of Peyton's court, but within the quiet precincts where Rube Tuber delivered his learned opinions the loblollies were more numerous.

Bill Stutes was constable of the Fifth ward court; having a large family to care for he had to keep his eyes open and quickly bring every violator of the law he caught before the bar of justice. One day while riding along the public road he discovered Dink Dudley, a neighbor, hiding in the bushes with a large turkey under his arm.

"Hello, Dink, wot's thet y' got?" he called out.

"Ur turkey an' ur fat one," responded Dink, smiling.

"Whar'd y' git it, Dink?"

"Ur shot hit."

"In ther wing ur in ther breast?"

"In ther breast."

"Look here, Dink, when do y' shoot turkeys? When ther game law's in or when it's out?"

"I shoots 'em when I gits a chance."

"You do, do yer? Wall, I've consubler of ther honorable justice court for ther Fifth ward, an' I'm goin' ter shoot you right straight in ther calaboose. Step out in the middle of thet air road and march."

Dink marched.

A SCOOPER SCOOPED.

The Mournful Experience of an Enterprising Reporter Who Had a Piece of News.

"Speaking of newspaper men and the methods they sometimes adopt to get ahead of their adversaries," said an old reporter in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "reminds me of an effort I made once to get ahead of an afternoon contemporary."

It was a dismal failure, which will hereinafter appear. I was doing the police work for an afternoon paper. The police had arrested one of the most notorious crooks of the country, but had put his name on the secret docket in order to put him through the 'sweating' process before making any public statement of the matter. The thing was tipped off to me. I had to get the story in a quiet way in order to allay suspicion as to the source of my information, and there was but one way to do this, and that was to get into the body of the prison and talk to the man. I had to slip in unawares, I watched for a chance, I got in unobserved. I thought I could slip in and slip out before the turnkey locked the door. But to my utter astonishment the turnkey went out before I got through and locked me in. It was about the noon hour. I could not yell after I had gotten the story because the police did not know I was in there. I waited, thinking the turnkey would return and give me a chance to get out. The hours slipped by. My paper was telephoning everywhere in an effort to find me. I had not been seen anywhere except at the police station, and the officers at that institution said I had left there early in the morning. It was six o'clock in the evening when I got out of jail. I was awfully sore, but couldn't say anything of course. It was a bit of good luck for me that my afternoon competitors did not get the story. But it was in the morning papers all right, and what was worse for me, one of the papers had a long story about my experience under the rather catchy head: 'A Scooper Scooped.'

ITEMS ABOUT DRESS.

A Budget of Information Regarding the New Designs and Features of Ladies' Costumes.

Separate waists are made of tucked chiffon in black and white combined with lace and tiny bands joined by stitches.

Brocaded silk mixed with gold threads is also used for incrustations on velvet gowns and finished around with the silk cord, which is very often pure white.

One of the most satisfactory ways to keep veils in on the broomstick. The latter is covered with a sheet of wadding in which is sachet powder, and then wound with wide ribbon.

The use of white satin, fur, gold braid, laces and Russian guipure medallions is again a feature of cloth and velvet gowns, and handsome coats of various kinds for afternoon calls, receptions and matinees.

The triple skirt shows itself more frequently as the season advances. Another skirt considered very smart is made in six sections, each one circular and widening to a generous flare in the lower portion, which, with the top one, is richest of all, the four remaining ones being graduated in width. The edges are finished with a stitched band.

French knots are quite as popular as ever and they appear in a variety of sizes, one of which is a loose, long knot which is made by putting the thread around the needle more times than is usual, and taking the second stitch a little way from the first one so the shape of the knot when finished is very much like the loop made for hooks.

The newest tea gowns are in Empire fashion, with accordion-plaited skirts beautifully trimmed with lace medallions and insertions. They are finished with handsome collars of lace or embroidery, lace frills edging the collars. Sleeves are elbow length, finished with several lace ruffles. Tight colors prevail for tea gowns, and white is most favored.

A well-cut foundation, one that fits smoothly over the hips, can be worn with any skirt. By making them separately there is a curtailment of expenditure in slips, also a reduction in the amount of luggage a woman must carry about when traveling. Two smart short silk slips for wear with linen, serge or homespun are enough. It is a good idea to have some extra bounces to button on to these slips on occasion. A deep bounce of muslin and Valenciennes lace might, for example, be altered with a less elaborate ruffle of silk.

Pumpkin for Winter.

Cook and sift it as for pies and add to it nearly as much sugar as there is pumpkin. Put it in jars like marmalade. This is better than the dried pumpkin. Another way is to cut it in slices or cubes and boil it tender, then put boiling hot into glass jars and seal. —Washington Star.

Cost of a Boy's Food.

Dr. McKinnon, superintendent of an industrial school in Canada, who had charge of 180 boys, figured out the average cost of feeding a healthy boy at club rates. It amounted to \$107.3 per week, or about \$56 per year.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

Mothers Should Recognize the Importance of "Keeping Up" in Dress and Mental Culture.

It was at one of the public receptions given for returning soldiers from Manila that I saw her—the delightful, bright little woman I want to tell you about. "Growing old gracefully," kept singing itself through my mind all the evening, writes Dorothy Irvin, in Housekeeper.

She was, I judged, about 55—and that many years ago a woman of her age would possibly have been called an old woman. I couldn't help thinking what a very ordinary-looking old woman she would have been, too. I tried to imagine her dressed in a short, full skirt of linsey-woolsey, plain Spencer waist, a large kerchief crossed and pinned over her breast, her hair combed back tight and plain, and twisted in a hard little knot at the back. But I didn't imagine her at a public reception, oh no; but sitting in a corner, knitting, knitting, knitting.

But we don't have any old ladies now-a-days—they are out of date—or, shall I say, rather, up-to-date? Anyway, this bright little woman, whose hair was quite gray—not a dark hair to be seen—did not look old, or as if she had lost interest in the world. There she sat, leaning on the arm of her friend's chair, her head turned on one side, as she watched, with sparkling eyes, everything that was done, and followed the speaker's every word with keenest interest.

Her dress was a beautiful black one, perfectly made and fitted. A yoke of white satin, embroidered in "sprangles" and drab velvet, or rather, a bluish-gray velvet, and high collar to match the yoke. She wore kid gloves, a dainty watch and chain, a lovely little hat set back on her head, covered with black plumes and trimmed in bluish-gray velvet mixed in with pink, and a pretty steel buckle just in front. Her hair was dressed high, and soft and fluffy. An ideal, up-to-date, bright, sparkling woman in the prime of life.

And why not? Why should one lose interest in the world's events when one's head is "blossoming for eternity?" Are there not interesting things to learn and to enjoy here still, as well as beyond? Why should one, then, finish all one's sentences "with periods instead of interrogation points?" I longed to tell this little woman how I admired her, but, of course, I "didn't" dare.

How important it is for a mother to keep "up with the procession" in dress, and also in mental culture. Otherwise, how can she hope to be a companion and a guide to her children? To me, one of the most encouraging "signs of the times" is the awakening of the mothers to this view of their responsibilities. What a privilege is ours to grow old gracefully, and as long as we live in the world to be of the best part of the world. Leave the corners and the knitting to those whose range is limited.

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LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



GOVERNOR CARTERET'S ARRIVAL IN NEW JERSEY. Find Gov. Nichols, of New York.

But little was done toward the colonizing of New Jersey until 1664, when Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley became the proprietors of the lands lying between the Hudson and Delaware rivers. Capt. Philip Carteret, a cousin of Sir George, was appointed the first governor of the new colony, and with about 20 immigrants arrived at New York in 1664, where they were welcomed by Gov. Nichols, of that colony. Gov. Carteret entered New Jersey with a hoe on his shoulder, as an indication that he intended to become a planter. He established his capital at Elizabethtown, then consisting of but four small cabins. Four years after the arrival of Gov. Carteret the first legislative assembly of New Jersey was established and met at Elizabethtown.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Quito, in South America, is sinking faster than any other city. It stands 80 feet lower than it did in 1780.

Thirty per cent. of insane persons in England recover their senses, but of these three in five usually relapse.

Seven-and-sixpence was bid successfully at Lowestoft, England, the other day for an undamaged willow-pattern dinner service of 70 pieces, about 100 years old.

In the Punjab the biggest medical undertaking the world has yet seen has begun. The whole population of 7,000,000 is to be inoculated with plague serum. Orders for 50,000 doses a day have been given out.

During the past season France had 332 beet sugar factories in operation. The annual yield is over 1,000,000 tons, of which 450,000 are consumed in France. The results of the international congress at Brussels will be to close foreign markets to French beet sugar.

Novel first-aid-to-the-injured boxes are to be scattered in the streets of Paris. Outwardly the apparatus resembles a lamp post letter box, and it contains a small medicine chest, a folding stretcher and a telephone for signaling the nearest ambulance station. Access to the box is gained by breaking a glass panel.

A Polish nobleman and his wife, being brought up for some political offense, arrived at the spa of Zappot, having their heads shaved, according to the Russian custom in some trials. Next day all the Poles at the place, both men and women, performed the same operation on their own heads as a mark of sympathy.

Ballarat, one of the oldest and most famous of Australian gold fields, has still some auriferous treasures in reserve. The Australian mail brings news of the finding of a nugget weighing 120 ounces in the Yon Yon mine, Ballarat East. This mine is the property of a syndicate of English and Chinese shareholders, hence its name. The locality has always been celebrated for its nuggets.

SOLOMON'S MINES IN SPAIN.

Noted American Orientalist Believes Rothschild's Gold Store Source of Seer's Riches.

The mines to which King Solomon sent his ships with the servants of King Hiram of Tyre to get precious stones with which to decorate the temple in Jerusalem are the mines of Almaden, owned and worked at present by Baron Rothschild, of London, is the opinion of Prof. Paul Haupt, director of the Semitic department of the John Hopkins university, and one of the best known orientalists in America. These mines are in the province of Cordova, in southwestern Spain, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Prof. Haupt has been investigating the location of the mines so frequently mentioned in the Bible, and for the last two or three years has been deeply interested in the subject. His attention was called to it when he took up a study of the "Song of Solomon," which he has recently issued. In this "the gems of Tarshish" are frequently referred to, and it is stated in the Book of Chronicles that "the king's" ships went to Tarshish, and "every three years" came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks, as well as various precious stones and gems. Prof. Haupt said recently:

"By applying modern scientific methods to archaeological investigations we are able to throw much light on such matters. For instance, by the aid of astronomy, we are able to determine accurately the chronology of the Assyrian people. On various tablets written by these people we find mention of a certain eclipse. We convey this information to our astronomical friends, and they by the aid of numerous calculations find the exact age of the tablet, thus aiding us greatly in the study of Assyriology."

"We find that in the times following the writing of the Bible, when the greater part of the world was under the domination of the Latins, the mines known as Almaden were in a part of the country then known as Turdetania, and later as Tartessus. Some have tried to controvert this by saying that Tarshish is a corruption of the cognomen, but,

as a matter of fact, Tarshish is the root from